

BOSTON LITERARY NOTES.

POEMS BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

HOME PASTORALS, BALLADS, LYRICS, AND ODES.—THE BALAD "JOHN REED"—POETIC LOCALITIES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE.

FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—Buyard Taylor's new book of "Home Pastorals, Ballads, Lyrics, and Odes," to be published by J. R. Osgood & Co., is nearly ready, and it is a volume in which the lovers of Mr. Taylor's poetry will delight. Not all the poems in it are good; but many of them are very good, indeed, that one cannot find heart to complain if the author has not invariably touched his high-water mark. Some of the ballads are so simple, so unconsciously pathetic, such perfect studies of that sort of human nature which reveals itself, but does not examine itself; which wonders in a vague sort of way at its own developments, that it would be almost impossible to praise them too highly. They belong to the same school with Tennyson's "Northern Farmer," and are worthy to take rank with it. Among the lyrics, as in "Iris" and in "The Two Homes," you find Mr. Taylor in quite another phase—subtle, poetic, and as ideal as the Ballads are literal. The opening verse, "Ad Ameles," should be quoted, not only because of their grace and tenderness, but because they explain at once the motive and the method of their author's song.

Sometimes an author of great power and beauty writes in a style which changes with the weather. Sometimes he is in elation, etc. Waits the fulfillment of our dearest dreams.

So when the wayward time and gift have blend,

Wafts hope behind delinquent vultus ven;

The neves are broken and a more spindly

Holds in its bosom an enshaded sun.

Then words unguessed, in faith's own shyness guarded,

To ears muted their welcome music bear;

Then hands held on that doubtfully retarded,

And love is liberal as the Summer air.

The theme chapter of a slow prolation:

Because the laurel fails so long denied;

The form achieved smiles on the aspiration,

And dream is dead and art is justified!

As nevermore the dull neglect, that smothered

The bard's dependent bairns, still return;

Forgotten lines are on the lips of others;

Extinguished thoughts in other spirits burn!

Still blighted lives what seemed so spent and wasted,

And echoes come from dark or empty years;

Here bring the golden sun, my more unlived;

But time is done through mists of mortal tears.

I saw, but as the living spirit taught me,

Heat towards the light, perforce with wayward wing;

And sink into the void, where the blighted bring me;

I long became I could not close my sing.

From that wide sky, whose mighty silence swallows

So many voices, even a lone, unheeded host,

I hear one voice, and that forever gloomy follows,

As from a falling tongue of Pestilence.

So he was, and haled by you, that, standing nearest,

The hand with which he held a torch, a torching flame,

I heard the earliest and deepest groan,

The happy song that cured not for its tune!

"The Home Pastorals" are written in hexameters. They

picture the scenery around the poet's country home,

They hint at the characters and manners of the peasantry

Who surround him there, and they reveal his own nature,

Kindred with them, and yet alien from them. Here he dwells in peace, and accompanied by memories recalling

Many lands and many scenes, yet contented in present

things, and sure that,

Better far lies than the wandering wing, the loving pos-

session.

Intimate, ever-renewed, than the circle of shallower

changes.

Among the "Ballads" one of the best is "John Reed."

It will illustrate the peculiar qualities of which I have

spoken—the literature and insight and power of dramatic

representation—better than any comments or descriptions

of my own could do, and so I will give it to you!

JOHN REED.

There's a moor on the meadow below; the herring-frogs

Chirp and cry;

It's chill when the sun is down, and the sod is not yet

The world is a lonely place, it seems, and I don't know

why.

I see, as I lean on the fence, how wearily trudges Don

With the feel of the spring in his bones, like a weak and

Early man;

I've had it a many a time, but we must work when we

can.

But day after day to till, and ever from sun to sun,

Till up to the season's front and bontle be left un-

Done;

Is ending at twelve like a clock, and beginning again at

One.

The frogs make a mournful noise, and yet it's the time

They never

There's something coming with the Spring, a lightness or

Evening's birth;

There comes a sun with the Spring, and it seems

To me it's fate.

It's the banting after a life that you never have learned

to know;

It's the discontent with a life that is always thus and so;

It's the wondering what we are, and where we are going,

It's the

My life is but enough, I fancy, to meet men's eyes,

For the more I'm guilty, the oftener some one dies,

And it's now run so long, it couldn't be otherwise.

And Sister Jane and myself, we have learned to claim

And yield;

She rules in the house at will, and I in the barn and field;

She's been thirty years—as if written and signed and sealed.

I could n't change if I would; I've lost the how and the

What;

One day my time will be up, and Jane be the mistress

Then;

For since women are tough and live down the single

She kept me so to herself, she was always the stronger

Indeed;

And my life is but enough, I fancy, to meet men's eyes,

For the more I'm guilty, the oftener some one dies,

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